

THE SPORTING WORLD

Visit of Foreign Grapplers Booms Wrestling Game

By TOMMY CLARK.

WITH the heavy crop of foreign wrestlers now on our shores clamoring for bouts and the strenuous mat game receiving a big boom this season, Frank Gotch, the champion of the world, has announced that he will come out of his retirement, get back into the game and try it out with whichever man proves the best this winter. For the past few weeks Gotch has been doing light training on his farm in Humboldt, Ia., in expectation of taking on one of the foreign wrestlers. The champion thinks there is too much good wrestling material in this country now to permit him to retire permanently.

Of the many foreign wrestlers now in this country George Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," Zbyzco, the Polish champion, and Yusuf Mahmoud, Turkey's best, are the only three who are seriously considered possible opponents for the champion. Zbyzco proved last season that he was a dangerous proposition for the American. In the first meeting of the pair in Buffalo, N. Y., at Greco-Roman style Gotch failed to throw Zbyzco in an hour. Later the men met in Chicago at catch-as-catch-can style, and Gotch had an easy time of it. Zbyzco claimed that style of wrestling was new to him, but now says he has mastered it.

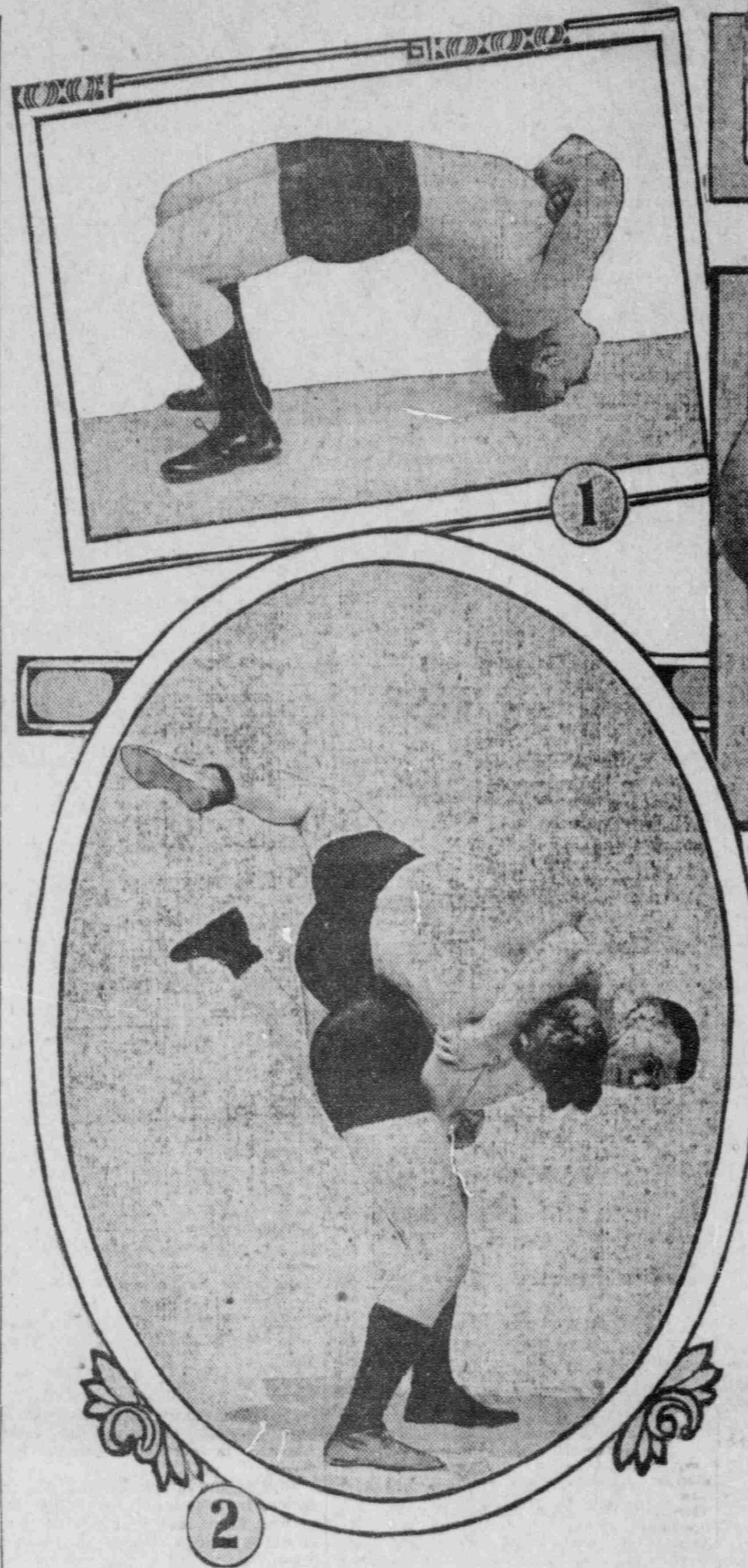
Zbyzco is one of the greatest defensive wrestlers in the game today. As an indication as to what he can do when trying to avoid being flopped himself one need only point to his bout with Gama, the East Indian star, held in London last summer. On that occasion Gama could not do anything with the Pole after a two hour draw, although Gama had previously dropped good men in fractions of a minute.

In his recent handicap match with George Hackenschmidt in Buffalo it was the same thing. The Russian agreed to throw the Pole twice within an hour, but failed. Hack's manager claims his charge was out of condition.

Hackenschmidt's trip so far has been a succession of successes. Everywhere the big fellow is met with great enthusiasm, and as he has been winning his matches with ease one must reach the conclusion that he is going to get into tiptop condition before many more weeks have gone by. Hack has yet to lose a handicap match except that with Zbyzco recently, and he has met most of the best men in the country.

The recent bouts in Montreal wrestled by Hackenschmidt and Zbyzco furnish a good line on these two grapplers, who on past performances figure to be the best of the foreigners now in the country. This is eliminating Mahmoud because of the latter's two defeats at the hands of Zbyzco in Chicago, and yet there are lots of people who still think the Turk is the best of them all.

In Montreal Zbyzco went on with a sturdy Swiss called De Riaz, who was undertaking to stick for an hour without being thrown twice. The Pole could not even get him down once during the sixty minutes.



VIEWS OF GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, WHO IS AFTER MATCH WITH GOTCH.

Picture No. 1 shows Hack bridging, No. 2 executing cross buttock. No. 3 shows his great back muscles. No. 4 gives a good idea of his chest and leg development.

He has that same brand of tenacity that made Evan Lewis famous in his day. The long, supple muscles of the foreign star and the speed of his movements all tell of his wonderful condition. Hackenschmidt is very modest and is not given to boasting of his many years of splendid match success. He doesn't attempt to bedim the victory of Frank Gotch over him three years ago, but he does explain that in the past two years he has learned much more of America and this country's

ways. There is a whole lot in this, considering that a large part of his professional career has been spent in the music halls of London. He has been dealing with English manners and American requirements.

Relative to both Gotch and Hackenschmidt there seems to be no disposition on the part of either one to criticize the other. There is no reason to speculate on what the outcome of another match would be.

Gotch has wanted to retire for more

than two years, but has been anxious to meet Hackenschmidt on the mat once more before he quits. Frank has grown weary of the padded circle, and he is anxious to settle down to enjoy the fruits of his long and wonderfully successful career on the mat. On the other hand, Hackenschmidt is nomadic. He likes the business of appearing in public, and he enjoys travel.

No other description better fits Hackenschmidt than the statement that he is an enlarged edition of Fred Beell.

Where Beell weighs about 168 pounds the weight of Hackenschmidt is around 220 pounds. Every move the big foreigner makes is a counterpart of the little American grappler, whom Hackenschmidt designates as the fastest man in the world. Hack's development is almost identical with Beell's, and there is even a facial resemblance.

Not only must these truths impress themselves on the grapping fans of America, but other points of similarity should become known. For example, Hackenschmidt, like Beell, evolves holds. This is always what distinguishes the superior grappler. These locks would perhaps be of little value to other men, but they are suited to the build, the development and the manner of thought of those who invent them.

Jack Curley, manager of Hackenschmidt, told the writer recently that if the "Russian Lion's" present invasion of America comes out as he expects he will double up with Jack Johnson, the world's heavyweight champion, and start on a tour of the world that will take in every civilized country on the globe.

And it is highly probable, too, that Jack Curley will be at the head of that tour, which, it is calculated, will take up a good many months.

In general idea the tour will be modeled on that prepared for James J. Jeffries before the latter succumbed to the negro in the Reno battle last July. However, it will be much wider in scope and take in three times as many countries. The Jeffries tour was to have lasted only about eight months. This one will cover at least two years and possibly four.

The recent illness of Jack Johnson may cause a change in the plans, but it is known that the "Lion" is anxious for such a tour, not in a financial sense, but from an athletic viewpoint. Hackenschmidt wants to defeat all of the best of the American as well as all of the foreign stars while he is in this country so as to be known as the greatest of all world's champion wrestlers.

Of course Hack could easily with that prestige undertake a world's tour all by himself, but he would prefer to have the champion fighter of the time along with him. Johnson is said to have consented to the trip and to have sanctioned the plans in a tentative sort of way some time ago. The matter will rest where it is now until Hack finishes his tour.

ANOTHER AMERICAN WILL ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL

Charles Durborow of Philadelphia Sure He Can Accomplish Feat After Proper Workouts.

Charles B. Durborow of Riverton, N. J., the young Philadelphia bank clerk, who has already established a long distance swimming record, is making plans to carry out his ambition to swim the English channel next year.

In furtherance of this intention Mr. Durborow wrote for points to Ted Heaton of Liverpool, the famous English swimmer, who recently attempted the channel swim, but was compelled to give up when within three miles of the French coast after being twelve hours in the water.

Mr. Durborow has received a reply from Heaton which will prove interesting to swimmers in general and would be channel swimmers in particular. The letter says:

"I am in receipt of your inquiry in regard to channel swimming. I have read with interest of your swim to Conshohocken, and also from Philadelphia to Chester and return. Should you have a desire to try the channel you will find a very hard nut to crack.

"Your twelve hour swim might be as good as five or six hours in the channel, as it is all cross current.

"This channel is never in good mood to allow any one to cross it by swimming, consequently you cannot swim it just when you want to. You may have to wait a month or two for the right day, and when it does come you are then kind of tired of waiting; a good deal of the determination has been taken out of you. In other words, you have gone stale.

"That is one portion of the picture. Next you must be filled up with a determination to stop in the water twenty-four hours and to keep plodding along all the time; must have had some of the experience of what you like to eat in the water and something that is not going to turn your insides. You must be prepared for any amount of seasickness (I had eight hours of it this year). You must have reliable boatmen and plenty of money, as a steamer is required to convey the press and witnesses, without which it is useless making the attempt. And on top of this no man can swim the channel at the first attempt.

Six Months to Train.

"Training? What suits one man will not do for another. Time required? Not less than six months.

"I think this answers the question candidly from one who knows. In any case if you have an ambition to swim the channel for the sake of emulating a great swim by Captain Webb, not because of notoriety or because others have tried—I mean an ambition that

possibly you may be fostering in your business, say, to become a bank manager or some other important post, an ambition not of mushroom growth, but one that has been working in you for years—then, satisfied on this point and prepared to take the punishment, try the channel swim."

Mr. Durborow proposes training for his channel attempt in Boston harbor. Aug. 14 last, chilled by the coldest water he had ever encountered, Mr. Dur-

borow failed in his effort to swim the famous course from Charlestown bridge to Boston light, in Boston harbor. He feels sure, however, of succeeding in this after proper training. He will exercise constantly during the coming winter, and in the spring will take practice swims in the Delaware river. He will go to Boston about the middle of next summer. If he is successful in the Boston light swim he will go to England.

DE ORO A WONDERFUL CUE WIELDER



ALFRED DE ORO, HOLDER OF WORLD'S POOL AND THREE CUSHION BILLIARD TITLES.

Pugilists may never "come back," but once in awhile billiardists do. This was accomplished when Alfred De Oro, the famous Cuban cue artist, wrested the world's pool championship from Jerome Keogh of Rochester, N. Y., in the most sensational finish ever witnessed in a championship match. In his whirlwind sprint to the tape De Oro broke his own world's record for continuous run and "railroaded" the Rochester man by a score of 219 to 81 on the night's play, thus coming from behind and winning the match by a score of 600 to 470.

Unlike other champions who have

taken the long count in their "come back" efforts this year, De Oro never performed more brilliantly than he did in the recent contest.

De Oro is really and truly a "come back" expert. This is the twelfth time he has won the pool title either in tournament play or challenge matches in a professional career of nearly twenty-five years. The Cuban now is forty-eight years of age, but age does not appear to wither his remarkable talent. By taking the pool crown away from Keogh, De Oro now is established as a double champion. He also holds the three cushion billiard title.

WINTER BASEBALL TALK.

The Chicago Cubs made only \$55 apiece on their barnstorming tour under Tom Needham's management. Cold weather killed the attendance.

Tommy Clarke, Cincinnati's estimable catcher, will sing chorus roles for Oscar Hammerstein this winter. He has re-signed with Cincinnati.

Christy Mathewson, according to reports, has signed a contract to play again with the Giants next year for a salary of \$15,000, the largest ever paid to a professional diamond artist.

Chief Bender of the Philadelphia Athletics is a crack shot and has been putting in most of his time since the world's series at the traps in the different gun clubs around the Quaker City.

The world's champion Athletic baseball team will honor their captain, Harry Davis, with a benefit game at Philadelphia next year. The New York Giants will also have a McGraw day.

Everybody would be willing to take Honus Wagner off the hands of the Pittsburgh club. If Barney Dreyfus has any trouble in getting rid of the famous shortstop the Cincinnati club, the New York club, the Chicago club, the Philadelphia club, the Brooklyn club and the Boston and St. Louis clubs would be willing to talk business with him.

SPORTS IN BRIEF.

Frank Kramer has been American bicycle champion for ten years.

The Juarez (Mexico) racing plant across the Rio Grande from El Paso cost \$500,000.

Moving picture receipts of the Jeffries-Johnson fight have been disappointing. The parties who paid \$200,000 for the films are realizing little profit.

Owen Moran, who recently knocked out Bat Nelson, weighs less than 130 pounds ringside. Until a year ago he was a featherweight. A finished boxer of ten years' experience, Moran is only twenty-eight years old.

In France the government collects a certain percentage of the receipts of all sporting events and exercises general supervision over boxing as well as racing, bicycling and all sports.

American people spend \$17,000,000 a year on professional baseball. Golf costs sportsmen \$7,000,000. College football's expense account is \$2,000,000. The annual tennis bill is \$2,500,000. In all, lovers of sport expend annually \$78,000,000.

Coeds Buy Football Players Blankets. Drake university coeds will buy blankets for the football men of the college. The custom was started last year and was a success. A fair will be held to raise the necessary funds, all classes of the university joining in the plan.

ABE ATTELL, CLEVEREST OF FIGHTERS, KNOWS HOW TO GET THE MONEY

Featherweight Champion Handles His Opponents With Soft Gloves

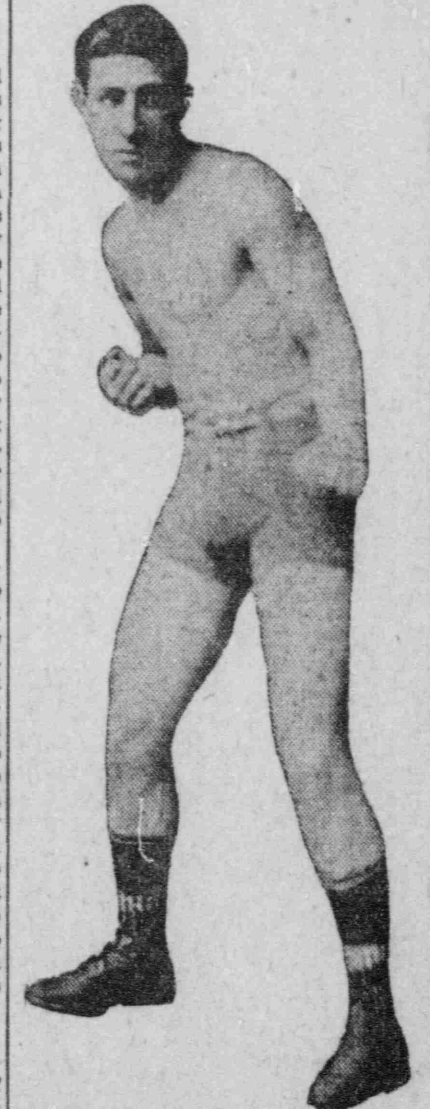
A PUGILIST who outclasses all his opponents experiences great difficulty in securing matches with men of his weight. If he is a small man he can still continue to fight by meeting men much larger than himself, but he does this at considerable risk, for at any time he is likely to have brought home to him that old adage that a "good man is better than a good little man." A really good big man who outclasses the other big men of his time can get no one to fight him unless he agrees to "go easy," which is another name for "fake." Nearly all of Jack Johnson's battles have had an unsavory odor about them of late years, for the reason that he could only now and then find any one who was willing to meet him in a contest on the level.

Every other great boxer has experienced the same trouble once it became generally known just how good he was, and most of them have resorted to the same remedy and taken to faking. Jack O'Brien was probably the first who made a wholesale business of buying up men who were both larger and better than himself. That left him the privilege of trying and made the fake extremely difficult to detect. O'Brien went along swimmingly until Tommy Burns double crossed him, and then Jack confessed, promising never to do it again. But he did at the very first opportunity, but was finally forced into retirement by a single battle on the level with Stanley Ketchel, in which O'Brien's true worth as a fighter was shown.

Attell the Money Getter.

Abe Attell, the featherweight champion, is the latest to feel the need of handling his opponents, not only with gloves, but very soft gloves at that. Attell has knocked out a great many boxers—fifteen of the first sixteen he ever met—and he is unquestionably the best man of his weight in the country. Abe has frequently gone out of his class to get matches and has won against men who were many pounds heavier than himself. In a six round bout in Philadelphia Attell made Bat Nelson, a lightweight, look like a novice when the Battler was at his best.

His most recent bout was with Pat Moore, the crack young Philadelphia lightweight, who is looked upon as a coming lightweight champion. Attell just toyed with Moore for ten rounds and gave the youngster a terrible beating. Abe has done the same thing to



ABE ATTELL, WORLD'S GREAT-EST FEATHERWEIGHT.

many other famous fighters, who were big enough to pick him up and carry him away.

These one sided battles had the effect of scaring off the little fellows, the 122 pound boys, and Attell realizes that he must continually go out of his class to get fights or ease up a little. He apparently chose to "ease up," for of late he is not knocking out his oppo-

Has Never Been Forced To Show All of His Tricks

nents with the same regularity that he did at the start, and if he finds a boy who puts up a creditable contest the finish is drawn fine enough to make the new fellow ask for a return match, which Abe is only too pleased to give him. Three years ago Owen Moran, the featherweight champion of England, who recently knocked out Bat Nelson, came to this country and fought Attell at San Francisco. The result was a twenty-five round draw. Eight months later the same two champions fought a twenty-three round draw at Colma, just outside of San Francisco. Then they visited the east and fought a ten round draw at New York, and they met in a second drawn battle of the same length at Los Angeles last May, and again in Philadelphia in September.

Attell is the pugilistic marvel of the age. There isn't a featherweight in the world that can trim him and not one lightweight anywhere in the world that could outpoint or beat him in ten rounds.

Nobody knows just how clever Attell is, for he's always showing something new. He hasn't been forced yet to produce all of his fighting tricks.

Attell does things that no other boxer ever thinks of. He says himself that he knows instinctively just what punch the other fellow is about to deliver and so can easily block or avoid it. More than that—as the blow is starting he can judge accurately how much sting it has, and if it won't hurt he doesn't take the trouble to get out of the way or cover up.

That's the most wonderful thing about Attell's fighting—his perfect and instant judgment in all emergencies. He doesn't make mistakes when the fighting is at its dizzyest. Fighting judgment is instinctive with him, just as mathematical calculation is instinctive with some other people.

Attell's cleverness makes it easy for him to fight anybody near his weight and stall as long as he cares to. He could stall along with any lightweight, but he is a hard hitter as well as a clever boxer. When he wants to cut loose he can mix as hard as the best. He is a knocker out when he wants to be.

"Hurry Up" Yost Was Father of That Shevlin Shift

AFTER every football coach, great and small, has been lauded and undergraduates are patting each other on the back, chortling, "We're going to have a championship team next year, old man," one simply has to return to Fielding H. Yost. Again the "Hurry Up" person proved that he is the shrewdest and best coach in the country. Out of a rabble of indifferent material he welded the Michigan machine, which swept the west and staved off Pennsylvania, the second best eleven of the east.

The worth of Yost was brought up

at a university club in New York recently. After a group of former football men had discussed the teams of the east and west, ending where they began, a western graduate strolled in. He planted his big form on the edge of the group and puffed serenely at a rather weedy appearing cigar. The Yale-Princeton game was rehearsed.

"I tell you Tom Shevlin's a wonder," cried one. "He developed the shift that beat Princeton."

"Your mind's a vacuum," rejoined another. "Williams, the Minnesota coach, invented the play. Why, back—"

"Well, cease the combative chatter," interrupted a mild looking individual.

"Let's settle this once and for all, Shevlin says it's Williams' shift, and the latter pats Shevlin on the back and gurgles, 'No, Thomas, be not overmodest; take the credit of your genius.' So let's divide the honors between Williams and Shevlin."

"Not so that you can notice it," belated a hitherto silent one. "Ernest Skeel, coach of Worcester university, introduced the play in Ohio conference football three years ago."

The others gasped, but renewed the debate with increased relish. "Williams," "Shevlin's" and "Skeel's" were murmured and howled. The big westerner looked more and

more bored. Finally the cigar shifted, and he drawled:

"Why, Hurry Up Yost used that shift fifteen years ago. He's forgotten more about football than your Shevlin, etc., will ever know. Just before I came east I saw Fielding. He was reading of 'Shevlin's shift' in a newspaper. He looked up, smiled and said: 'It's so long ago since I introduced that play that I forget the name of the team. I remember one thing, though. I didn't run my players into exhaustion before getting them into position for the play! Shevlin's shift! Huh!'"

The cigar was still steaming as he walked away.